in a hole which his hands have scooped out in the sand. The tattered rags that partially cover him cannot conceal the bones that gleam through the skin; his eyes move fearfully in his head, his hands clench tightly together, his limbs are drawn up in horrible contortions by the cramp. The only motion of which is body is capable is a slow rolling from side to side upon his back as a pivot, and the vermin crawl in vast armies over his wretched person. He takes no notice of passing objects unless particularly addressed, for the world is rapidly going out to him. Placing our ear to his lips, we gather from his faint whispers that but a short time before he had left some New England college, flushed with hope and courage, to battle for liberty and right. A fond mother pressed her lips to his brow, as with tearful eyes she bade him farewell; a kind sister in cheering words urged him on to duty; a brother's hand wrapped the garb of his country's defenders about his form; and in the field he had performed deeds of valor. He was captured, and—even while we linger beside him a faint shudder passes through his frame and all is over. He, too, will soon be borne away to a nameless grave; and his loved ones shall seek in vain to distinguish him from the thousands that sleep by his side.

"Just in front of us we see a throng gathered about an object which in other places than this would draw tears of sympathy from the hardest heart, but scenes of horror are so frequent here that this excites but a passing interest. It is a young soldier, born and raised in a fertile township in Ohio; his early life has been passed among the pleasant vales of that noble State; every kindness which parental love could bestow had been lavished upon him, and he had ranked high among the promising and intelligent youth of his country—a man of talent, of literary attainments, of noble instincts. But reason is now dethroned, and he tears his tattered rags from his emaciated form in his frenzy, gnashing his teeth and foaming with rage; but the paroxysm is momentary; his strength is exhausted; he falls to the ground helpless as infancy, and is borne away by his comrades.

"There is one form of disease which is almost too horrible to be witnessed, yet we cannot understand the wretchedness of the prison without looking upon it. This is not a solitary case, but we shall find numerous similar ones before we leave this living charnel-house. We instinctively pause as we reach the awful sight before us, holding our breath lest we inhale the terrible stench that arises from it. Here is a living being who has become so exhausted from exposure that he is unable to rise from the ground, suffering with diarrhea in its last and worst form. He is covered with his own fæces: the vermin crawl and riot upon his flesh, tumbling undisturbed into his eyes and ears and open mouth; the worms are feeding beneath his skin, burying themselves where his limbs, swollen with scurvy, have burst open in running sores; they have even found their way into his intestines, and form a living, writhing mass within him. His case has been represented to the surgeons, but they have pronounced him incurable, and he is left here in his misery, in which he will linger three or four days more. Proper care and treatment would have saved him long ago, but not now—and his comrades abandon him to death.

"While we are gazing upon this sickening spectacle the drum beats at the south gate, and the prisoners, dropping their half-cooked food, hasten to form themselves in ranks, preparatory to being counted. Being arranged in irregular lines, the strong men standing for the most part with uncovered heads—having no hats—the weak sitting or lying upon the ground, the sergeant passes carefully around to see if all the ranks are full, and searches among the huts for those that are unable to crawl to the line. Raising our eyes we observe that each sentry-box contains two additional men, and that they grasp their muskets with a firm hand. The prisoners observe it also, and they know well that some of their comrades were missed at the last roll-call, and that the sentinels are there to fire upon any division that breaks ranks before the camp has been thoroughly searched. The officer comes forward, hastily passes from the head to the rear of the column, counting the standing men; the sergeant leads him to the sick that still remain in their hovels, unable to creep out, and to the dead, and the complement is filled; he sets the division down as full and passes on, the men still remaining in line. Let us also pass on with the officer till he comes to the division to which the missing man belonged. It is drawn up in line like the others; the sergeant reports his number present; the officer examines his book and finds that one is gone. The sergeant shakes his head when asked what has become of him; the men in rank are interrogated, but no reply is obtained. A sick man lying upon the ground points to a hole near by; the officer goes in that direction, stoops down and looks beneath the thin shell of earth, and there, in the bosom of his mother—the mother of us all—the missed one lies, dead; dead, unknown to his comrades—to all but God who saw his dying struggle, and who will bring him in the last day a living witness against the fiends that doomed him to such a fate.

"The lost man found, the extra sentinels are relieved, the men break ranks and resume their occupations; but the sergeant has work yet to do, for the sick of his division are to be gathered up, the helpless upon blankets, those able to walk, in squads; and all must report at the south gate to receive their medicines. We pass over to this gate and cast a casual glance upon the mass of wretchedness gathered there. Nay, shrink not, there are worse spectacles than this in this horrible pit; there are sights here to freeze the blood, scenes of suffering with which the most frightful pictures of the horrors of hell bear no parallel.

"Gathered here from all parts of the stockade, and crowded in the small space, is half an acre of human beings, suffering in every form of disease. Some are lying upon the blankets upon which they have been brought; some are prone upon the earth where they were laid by their comrades; some have crawled hither upon their hands and knees; and here they must remain for many long hours in this broiling sun, without shelter or protection, waiting—waiting till their turn shall come to be served; yet fourteen surgeons are busily working in yonder little inclosure, and each has his assistant, who can prescribe for most of the cases.

"Here are to be seen the ravages of scurvy and diarrhea, of dysentery and fevers, of hunger and exposure; and as we stand looking upon the putrid mass, writhing in hideous contortions, a sickening stench arises from it that penetrates for miles, it is said, around the prison. We see men upon whom scorbutic sores have been long at work, and great holes are eaten in their faces; their limbs are black and swollen, or like rotten flesh discharging a yellowish matter that emits this most offensive odor; in some the eye has been destroyed, and they grope blindly about in the crowd. And here, too, are emaciated forms too weak to walk, and they turn their hollow eyes pleadingly upon us; they are the victims of diarrhea; their fleshless arms hang languidly by their sides, and their hollow cheeks are livid with leanness. But few of these men can be benefited now by the surgeon's skill; many will call for it but a little while. Even while we stand here some have felt the last agony and expired.

"PROCURING WATER.—NEW DEFENSES.

"Leaving this busy scene, we walk around among the prisoners and examine their facilities for procuring water. The main reservoir is the creek, which passes through the swamp; but it also runs through the camp of the prison guard and along the base of the cook-house, outside the walls, receiving the refuse and garbage of both of these; the prisoners within have dug holes in various parts of the inclosure, laboriously excavating the earth with their hands face in old boot-legs. We shall find, perhaps, fifty of these water holes, but the fluid thus obtained is pure and cool, and amply repays the patient toil required in their excavation. Near the northern extremity of the swamp is a spring, bubbling up from the marshy ground, which has been scooped out to a slight depth; and just outside the dead-line is another, a living stream, flowing through a spout fixed there by some daring prisoner in the darkness of the night, or, mayhap, by some officer, more humane than his fellows; but it is beyond the reach of the hand, and the prisoners tie their little cups upon a long stick, and angle, as it were, for the cooling liquid.

"Having examined this pen thus hastily, let us pass out again, where we came in, leaving these wretched beings, starving and dying, under the burning rays of this terrible sun; and if you have been able, in this brief view, to understand the thousandth part of the misery here endured; to realize anything of the horror by which you have been surrounded; or, on the other hand, if you can call up one thought of pity for the beings in authority over us, who have allowed their humanity to be all swallowed up in their vengeful passions, and who delight in nothing so much as in torturing us, then your visit has not been in vain.

"Some time in the latter part of July, General Sherman made his famous but unfortunate raid upon Macon, the effect of which was felt at Andersonville by both prisoner and jailer. There were at that time about thirty thousand men confined at this place, and it was greatly feared that General Stoneman would ride suddenly down upon us, open the prison doors, and set us free. The valiant Captain Wirz was greatly 'exercised' at the prospect of his experiment of gradually reducing the rations, until he should ascertain, with infinitessimal exactness, the precise amount of food a Yankee would require to support life, being interfered with, when it was so near its solution; he therefore, under General Winder's order, commenced fortifying the place. For this purpose a large force of negroes were conscripted, and immediately set to work. A strong earthwork was thrown up, some thirty rods from the southwest corner of the stockade, mounting nine light guns, five of which were trained to bear diagonally across that inclosare, to guard against an uprising of the prisoners in case of an attack; about twenty-five rods from the north gate, and a little to the north of it, another earthwork was constructed, of smaller dimensions than the first, shaped like a parallellogram, and mounting five guns, three of which also bore upon the prison pen. Two lines of stockade were built around the whole inclosure, about sixteen feet apart, the inner one being fifty yards from the wall of the prison pen. An earthwork was then raised on each corner of the new stockades, except on the southwest corner. A low intrenchment was then thrown up around the north end of the whole, which extended from the main road on the west side to the swamp on the east, and was arranged with angles, so as to enfilade every approach from the north, east, and west. If it is remembered that the stockade was built upon two separate elevations, it will be seen by reference to the ground plan that an attack from any direction upon the force guarding us would be an attack against us also; for a gun fired from any point would either be instantly silenced by the artillery in the fortifications, or its shot must be thrown toward the stockade, with nine chances in ten of its falling among the prisoners themselves—a method of release by no means gratifying to them, however well pleased they would have been to be taken out by their friends. Nor could the place have been taken by seige, for in that event we must inevitably have starved to death, for the temper of both General Winder and Captain Wirz was such that they would have taken away all our rations for the use of the garrison, and reduced us to the last extremity before they would have yielded the place. The prisoners were thus made the chief part of their own security.

"BOXES AND PACKAGES FROM HOME—LETTERS.

"Express boxes were occasionally received by some of the prisoners, but, as at Danville, they had been subjected to search by the authorities, and after leaving their hands contained nothing more than a loaf of mouldy cake, unfit for eating; all articles of value, either for eating or wearing, had been confiscated. Packages of letters also came to the prison by flag of truce; but, under the regulations of Captain Wirz, every prisoner was compelled to pay the captain ten cents *in silver* before receiving his letter. It was very seldom that the villain's exchequer was benefited by this extortion, for very few men in Andersonville possessed any money of any kind, much less in coin. The captain knew very well that the greater number of men had no money at all, and that those who were so fortunate as to possess greenbacks must buy their silver of his sutler, paying therefor an enormous premium. These letters had been prepaid, and bore a worthless photograph of Jeff. Davis; but this made no difference—the captain must have hard cash, or he would keep the letters, and he kept them. And thus this puerile scoundrel—this sneaking, thieving, cowardly whipper of black women and helpless men—sought to gratify at the same time his avarice and his spite; to torment the wretched prisoners, already overwhelmed with disease and starvation, the result of his own barbarity. These letters were valueless to him, but priceless to their rightful owner; and many a famished man would have bargained his day's rations, though his life depended upon them, for the precious missive, bearing tidings of symaathy and love from home. No physical torture could equal in intensity this deprivation. The poor fellows who had stood in the stocks for four and twenty hours under a broiling sun, who had endured exposure and famine for months without a murmur, wept like children when they knew that kind words from loved and loving ones had come so near and were withheld. Yet this man gloated over their misery and became profane with delight at their tears. He carried the letters to his office, and experienced a devilish joy in reading and burning them, with no one to look on but himself."

In May the author was paroled for duty as surgeon's clerk, a service which subsequently gave him full opportunity to familiarize himself with the customs and practices which obtained among the prison authorities, the disposition of the officers and guards, and the supply and government of the prison itself. In this new capacity he gives us the following experiences:

"DESCRIPTIGN OF THE RATIONS—COOK-HOUSES—COOKING—RAW RATIONS.

"The rations consisted of corn-meal, bacon, fresh beef, peas, rice, salt, and sorghum molasses. The corn-meal was unbolted, some of it ground with the cob, and often filled with sand and gravel. Much of it had apparently been put up while warm, and had become sour and musty, either during transportation or while in store. The bacon was lean, yellow, very salt, and maggoty; it had been brought to us unpacked, and was covered with dirt and cinders; it was so soft with rust that it could easily be pulled to pieces with the fingers. The beef was slaughtered near the prison, to which it was brought and thrown down in a pile, in the north cook-house, where it lay until it was issued to the prisoners. Here, in this hot climate, it was soon infested with flies and maggots, and rapidly changed into a greenish color, emitting an offensive odor peculiar to decaying flesh. It was very lean, but the heat rendered it quite tender before it was served up. The article denominated black peas, or cow peas, was brought in sacks, apparently just as it had left the threshing ground of the producer, having never been winnowed or cleansed of the fine pods and the dirt which naturally mingles with all leguminous plants while growing in the field; besides, they were filled with bugs, and many of them were so eaten as to leave nothing but the thick, tough skin of the pea in its natural shape. The rice was sour or musty, and had apparently been put up in a half-dried state, where it became heated and wholly unfitted for use.

"There were two cook-houses used in connection with the prison. The first of these was in process of erection when the detachment to which I belonged entered the pen, and went into operation about the middle of May. It was located on the north side of and near the swamp west of the prison, and was subsequently inclosed by the defensive stockades. At the time it was built, it was supposed to be of sufficient capacity to perform all the cooking necessary for the prisoners, and contained three large ovens and several kettles set in brick-work for boiling the meat and peas or rice; but it being found inadequate to supply the wants of the men, another building was constructed some time in the latter part of August. It was located about a hundred yards north of the defenses, on a line with the west wall of the prison. This was designed and used exclusively for boiling the meat and peas, and contained, perhaps, a dozen large potash kettles, set in brick-work. The old cook-house was thereafter used for baking the corn-meal. A strong force of paroled prisoners was appointed to perform the work in these cook-houses, but with constant labor it was unable to supply our wants, and about one-half of the rations were issued raw.

"The meal was prepared for baking by first pouring it in quantity into a large trough prepared for the purpose. A little salt was then added, when water enough was poured in to make it of the proper consistency, and the whole stirred with sticks to mix it thoroughly. The dough was baked in sheet-iron pans, twenty-four by sixteen inches in surface and two and one-half inches deep. The whol was divided into pones containing about a pound, and each of these pones constituted a day's ration of bread for one man. The utmost cleanliness could not be observed in mixing this 'stuff;' the meal, as above stated, was partly corn and partly cob, and often contained materials that were neither of these. The water was dipped in quantity from the creek, and no means of cleaning it were furnished, and these, with the haste necessary to be made in preparing the dough, conspired to make the mixture unpalatable and sickening, particularly when cold The prisoners who had charge of the cook-house undoubtedly tried to prepare the food as well as they could, but their efforts were vain with such limited facilities as they had."

The peas and rice were boiled in the north cook-house they were turned from the bags as they were brought to the prison, without cleansing or separating from the chaff and dirt, into the large potash kettles containing the water in which the meat had been boiled; the cooks here as in the south cook-house had no means of cleansing the raw material, and had they possessed the facilities they had no time to devote to the purpose. To winnow semi-weekly, a sufficient amount of peas for 16,000 rations, allowing a third of a pint to each, requires a long time even with the aid of the best machines; but for twenty-men to pick over by hand this vast amount is simply impossible. Of these cooked rations there were daily issued to each prisoner about a pound of bread, a fourth of a pound of bacon, or four or six ounces of beef (including the bone) in place of the bacon, and a teaspoonful of salt; twice a week a pint of peas or rice were issued in addition, and occasionally a couple of teaspoonfuls of sorghum molassess. Sometimes a sort of mush was made to take the place of the pone, but, although it was a change from the monotonous corn bread, it was so unpalatable that the bread was preferred.

About half of the rations were issued raw, because of the vast amount of labor necessary to cook them in bulk at the cook-houses, or rather because the confederate authorities were too poor, too indolent, or too brutal, (probably the latter,) to furnish facilities for the purpose; had the prisoners been provided with the means they would gladly have performed the requisite labor. The manner in which these raw rations were issued has already been described; it is only necessary to state here that their amount was such that would make the same quantity as the cooked, and that they were issued alternately with the latter, one-half the prisoners receiving raw food one day and cooked the next. I have here given the quantity issued during the early part of the season; but as the hot weather advanced and the number confined here increased, the daily allowance diminished until it became but a mere morsel to each man. How we endured such prolonged famine is a mystery; and that ten thousand men were that summer killed in the most horrible ways, by General Winder, aided, advised and comforted by Captain Wirz, is most certain.

* * * * * * *